THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1888.

The Democracy of New York City.

We published some time since an article showing the present demoralization and distress of the Republican party in the city of New York, and its utter inability to successfully engage, as at present constituted, in the momentous Federal, State, and municipal struggles of 1888. During the past week both divisions of the New York Democracy have completed the details of their respective organizations, chosen their officers and arranged the preliminaries of the campaign. The two German organizations, the German-American Democrats and the Independent German-American Citizens, have also settled upon plans for the amalgamation of both into one strong body, so that there will be room in the Democratic ranks for every voter, and he will find himself always acting with party friends, whatever local or district disagreements may exist.

Prior to 1870, to go back no further in the history of our politics, the Democratic majority in the city of New York was subject always to grave local division. There was on one hand Tammany Hall with the most influential and popular ward and district leaders, the most patronage, and the largest following. There were, on the other hand, a number of guerrilla factions, having, here and there, considerable strength, but independent of any superior authority, without discipline, without responsibility, and quite capable on occasions or from necessity of selling out the national or State ticket in contests of closeness and importance. As the National and State Conventions recognized Tammany Hall as the only regular Democratic organization, the leaders of the opposing Democratic factions could do generally as they pleased, and that was usually what they did.

In the number of these factions was the Mozart Hall Democracy, of which FERNANDO WOOD was the founder; the Democratic Union, which owed its origin to JOHN McKEON; the Young Democracy, with LEDWITH and FOX at its head; and the German-American Union. On the break-up of the Tammany Ring in 1871, Apollo Hall took its rise, then followed, in turn, as minority Democratic factions, the New York Democracy, Anti-Tammany, and finally Irving Hall. Tammany broke, in 1879, its record for regularity by bolting the Democratic nominee for Governor and putting up JOHN KELLY for that office.

This opened the door for a change, and since 1880 Tammany Hall and the County Democracy have divided, and pretty evenly divided, the city Democracy, both organizations being accounted regular, each acknowledging the rights of the other, and both subject to the authority of the State Convention, to which each sends delegates. During these years Irving Hall, from being a modest but compact party, has gradually shrunk and shrunk, till the Democratic State Convention of 1887 shut the door in its face, since which time it may be said to have about gone out of existence as a Democratic faction.

At the present time the whole New York Democracy, 150,000 strong, may be said to be included within the folds of the two great organizations or to form part of the German section. The advantage of such unison, such combination, and such responsibility can scarcely be overestimated, and it puts the party, freed from the menace and liability of independent, irresponsible, or treacherous leadership, in an almost impregnable position for the great fight of this year.

The details of this situation, as they appear in the different Assembly districts, are fully explained in an article which will be found in another part of this paper, and to which we refer the interested reader.

Peace, Peace, But There is No Peace.

Notwithstanding the reässuring declarations incessantly exchanged between diplomatists, nobody seems much impressed by them, and the Continental Stock Exchanges remain in an extremely tense and feverish condition. The truth is that, if we look at the facts rather than the optimistic tenor of official comments, we must see that the situation is no less serious than it was before the interview of Prince BISMARCK with the Czar.

The authors and manipulators of the forged letters are not only unpunished, but unexposed, and the Pan-Slavic party, which was to profit by those documents, although at first shaken by the German Chancellor's disclosures, has regained its former ascendancy. Indeed, its leaders were singled out for particular distinction when honors and decorations were distributed on the Russian New Year's Day, while M. DE GIERS, who doubts the wisdom of fighting the three central powers, got nothing. Moreover, Russian emissaries are again becoming active in the Balkan peninsula, and within the last few weeks there have been two attempts to excite mutinies in Bulgaria. But the cumulative evidence furnished by such incidents is as nothing compared to the concentration of Russian troops on the confines of Posen and Galicia, which, in spite of round denials or evasive explanations, is steadily going on.

There is no doubt about the fact, or about its ominous significance, since the publication of the exact figures on Tuesday of this week in the Berlin *Militär-Wochenblatt*. It compares the Russian forces now collected within the frontier provinces, in close proximity to the Posen and Galician frontier, with the combined German and Austrian forces in the provinces lying on the west of the same boundary. The disproportion is enormous. Germany has but 98,200 men and 338 field guns, and Austria, which probably is more directly menaced, only 88,000 men and 160 guns. On the other hand, Russia has disposable within striking distance no less than 315,500 men, with 680 field guns. That is to say, the Czar has considerably more than twice as many men ready for an aggressive movement.

Now, why has Russia, whose impoverished exchequer can ill afford the expense attending the transportation of a vast body of men, chosen the present time for placing an immense army on her western border? That is a question which none of the sanguine diplomatists is able to answer. It cannot be for defensive purposes, since nobody accuses the central powers of intending an attack upon their Russian neighbor. The demonstration, therefore, must be construed as a declaration that Russia will no longer be trifled with. It is a peremptory challenge, by which the Western powers are summoned either to settle once for all the Bulgarian dispute or face the alternative of early war. But what sort of a settlement would be accepted by the Pan-Slavic party, now apparently restored to power at St. Petersburg?

In the first place, it is manifest that Prince FERDINAND of Coburg would have to leave Sofia, since not even Austria, and much less Germany, has ever recognized his title to reign. Secondly, the selection of a successor would have to be arranged either according to the secret compact between Austria and Russia which preceded the outbreak of the last war with Turkey, or else in rigorous compliance with the treaty of Berlin. If according to the secret agreement, Austria would continue to hold Bosnia and the Herzegovina, and Russia would be permitted to designate the ruler of Bulgaria. If strictly according to the text of the treaty, then the Czar's Ministry would say: Let Austria retire from the two provinces which she was only suffered to occupy under conditions which no longer exist, and let Eastern Roumelia, instead of taking part in Bulgarian elections, be restored to Turkey in conformity to the decision of the Congress. Next, still in pursuance of the letter of the treaty, let executive authority in Bulgaria be committed to such a prince as shall be selected by the Sobranje and approved by all the treaty powers. Pending the perhaps difficult fulfilment of this last condition, let the province be administered by an international Commission in which all the treaty powers shall be represented.

That is what Russia understands by a faithful execution of the Berlin treaty. It must either wholly stand or wholly fall. The central powers may take their choice. But the Czar, at all events, will no longer play the fool. That is apparently the meaning of the mighty armament assembled on his western frontier.

The New Postmaster-General and the Public.

There is no doubt that Mr. DICKINSON will make a good Postmaster-General. He is a man of affairs, with a clear head and uncommon energy. His capacity for executive management is abundantly attested by those who know him well.

Mr. DICKINSON is too sensible a man not to perceive that in so small a matter as the change of the color of the two-cent postage stamp he can gratify the desires of a great majority of the press and the people without sacrificing in the slightest degree either his own official dignity or that of the Department. The return to the brown stamp will involve no unpleasant admission of error on the part of the Post Office authorities, no discreditable back-down under the pressure of outside opinion. Both the brown color and the pale green have been tried, and the people unquestionably prefer the brown. Mr. DICKINSON has only to say the word, and brown it is henceforth.

The good taste of the new Postmaster-General will probably determine this question; but if Mr. DICKINSON is at all in doubt he has only to consult at random half a dozen gentlemen in whose opinion in matters of æsthetics he may have confidence. They need not necessarily be artists or professional experts in the science of taste. It will be quite sufficient if Mr. DICKINSON takes the opinion of such persons as he would be satisfied to consult on any private question of æsthetic propriety.

We shall now briefly refer to the only arguments that, so far as we are aware, have been advanced from any quarter in favor of retaining the pale green stamp. They are two in number.

Somebody has said that the two-cent stamp, the unit of letter postage, ought to be green because that was the color of the old three-cent stamp used before the reduction in the rate of postage. True, the three-cent stamp was green at the time when the new brown two-cent stamp superseded it; but before that for many years the three-cent stamp had been red—different shades of red at different periods in the history of the Department. Moreover, the green of the three-cent stamp that went out of use in 1883 was a very different green from the sickly green of the present stamp. It was deeper, richer, far more satisfactory to the eye. Anybody can prove this for himself by hunting up an envelope four or five years old and comparing the cancelled stamp thereon with the sickly green stamp of to-day. The design has been changed, shield, lettering, head of WASHINGTON, and all; and the color has been degraded from a really good green to the pale, unhealthy, diluted hue that is now the cause of such general dissatisfaction. For green, as against red, brown, terra cotta, or any other color, there is absolutely no argument in precedent, in Department traditions, or in historical sentiment.

The second plea to which we refer hardly deserves serious attention. It was originally put forth, we believe, by Mr. GEORGE A. HOWARD, the Department clerk who claims the responsibility for the recent change from brown to sickly green. In a reported interview, that gentleman intimated or tried to give the impression that there was some international significance in the change to green. That is pure demagogism. Here and there an ill-informed person or newspaper, taking cue from Mr. HOWARD, urges that the Government compliments Ireland by substituting her green for the red of England. You might as well say that the removal of Mr. HOWARD, day before yesterday, from his desk in the Post Office, and his transfer to the Interior Department, is a compliment to Ireland and a rebuke to England because it takes off of the Post Office rolls a name peculiarly and anciently identified with English history.

Nothing could be more ridiculous or more insulting than this attempt to muster Irish patriotism to the support of the sickly green stamp. In the first place, the old color was not the red of England; and in the second place, the present color is not the green of Ireland. Even if this consideration should enter into the choice of a hue for postage stamps, and even if self-respecting Irishmen cared to fix their national color upon an object that is licked and stamped upon millions of times every day in the year, how could they feel gratified at the selection of such a travesty of green as this? Eyes that kindle with enthusiasm at the sight of the beautiful emerald banner of the beautiful Emerald Island must always rest with disgust upon the sickly two-cent stamp, stained a weak green with a pigment apparently composed of chalk dust and spinach juice.

The transfer of Mr. HOWARD to the Interior Department, with larger responsibilities and an increased salary, removes the last obstacle to the immediate correction of his well-meant but unfortunate mistake. He is now engaged in other business than the selection of colors for postage stamps. Superior authority in the Post Office need no longer delay the change out of regard to his official feelings. The people hope and expect that the sickly green days are about over, and that Postmaster-General DICKINSON will speedily give them back the satisfactory brown two-cent postage stamp.

The Death Sentence.

The three Commissioners appointed by the Legislature to consider the subject of the methods of carrying out the death sentence have made a voluminous report, of which the conclusion is that the most merciful way of putting people to death is by electricity.

Very possibly that is the case, for the electric current kills instantly, and if it were desirable, in the interests of society, that the horrors of an execution should be reduced to a minimum, it is quite likely that no better means of killing could be chosen. If the purpose of capital punishment was simply to destroy the lives of men condemned to death, to get rid of them, of course the State should only concern itself to find the quickest and the easiest method of destruction, whether it was by chloroform, hitting them on the head with an axe, as oxen are slaughtered, or the application of an electric current; and if they were to be despatched in the most merciful way possible, they could easily be killed while they were sleeping.

But the theory on which capital punishment is defended is that it should excite terror among evildoers, and that the purpose of society in killing murderers is not merely to get them out of the way, but to frighten other people from murdering. When, therefore, these Commissioners propose to lessen the horrors of an execution and to make of it a simple cold-blooded killing, in the secrecy of a prison, and at a time kept secret from the public, do they not propose to take away the reason for a punishment which in itself is so repugnant to the feelings of men?

They would have the condemned man slain by electricity, "without previous announcement of the day or hour of the execution," and would forbid all newspapers from publishing any report of the proceeding "beyond the statement of the fact that such convict was, on the day in question, duly executed, according to law, at the prison." An event of so great importance and of such terrible significance as the judicial execution of an individual they would have passed over by the newspapers as if it were an incident of slight relative consequence.

The most awful work done by society is this killing of men for the satisfaction of justice, and therefore if it is done at all, it should be made known to society in all its horrible details, so that an execution may be always an impressive event in the minds of the whole public. If such publicity is dangerous and demoralizing, the remedy is not in the secrecy of executions proposed by these cranky Commissioners, but in the abolition of capital punishment altogether. As to the shock to humanity, too, it is not in the method of the killing, but in the killing itself, whatever the method.

In fine, so far as it has any value at all, the only value of this tedious and most revolting report to the Legislature is as an argument against capital punishment.

Still a Kind of a Village.

A curious survival of the village epoch of New York history is the corporation ordinance which devolves upon individual householders the cleaning of the sidewalks in front of their houses. The sidewalk is as much a part of the public highway as the roadway is, and there is no better reason for requiring the adjacent property owners to take charge of it than there is for requiring them to clean and repair the roadway. In the days when the pigs were the public scavengers, when buckets and hand engines constituted the city fire extinguishing apparatus, and when the streets were lighted by oil lanterns hung from the fronts of the houses, it was all well enough to place the sidewalks—and the pavements, too—under the care of the individual citizens of the immediate neighborhood, but now that we have a regular Street Cleaning Department, it is time that its jurisdiction included the sidewalks also. The work would be better and more speedily done than it is now, and at less aggregate expense.

On Tuesday evening, for example, the snow ceased falling soon after dark, and was then in a condition to be easily removed. The next morning found some sidewalks cleared, but upon more the snow had frozen into ice and defied the shovel and the broom. Had the public authorities taken the job in hand in season and pressed into their service the little army of boys who upon such occasions go from house to house soliciting work, all the sidewalks might have been made free and clear by 9 o'clock Tuesday evening, and great inconvenience to the public would have been avoided.

We commend this subject to Mayor HEWITT as a topic for one of his forthcoming reform messages.

Fighting the Real Enemy.

The *Atlanta Constitution* is opposed to free trade on principle, and many of the ablest journals of the New South go with it.

In this contest the *Constitution* is striking its hardest blows at the Whiskey Power, the great combine in which the whole whiskey distilling interest of the country is united, and which boldly aims to rule the Democracy and dictate the legislation of the land.

The first purpose of this mighty organization is to maintain the internal revenue system as it stands. The tax on spirits especially is to be kept up without change. If that tax should be abolished or seriously reduced, thousands of new distilling concerns might start up, and the monopoly which the Trust is to live upon might be shaken and possibly overthrown. Accordingly this tax must be continued, and the duties on imported goods must be taken off, letting in English manufactures more freely; and against both of these propositions our valued contemporary in Atlanta is waging its most vigorous warfare.

The Whiskey Power is our greatest promoter of free trade.

The polar bear from Greenland and the hippopotamus from the tropics seem to thrive in this latitude; but that most interesting animal, the gorilla, pines and dies. It would be a fortune to any showman if he could exhibit in this country a satisfactory specimen of the gorilla, even if his accomplishments did not equal those of his unexported brethren whose roar, according to travellers, can be heard for four miles, and who can twist a gun barrel into a knot. Many hopes were based upon the promising young gorilla which was recently taken to London to adorn the Zoölogical Gardens, but though he took kindly to civilized ways and learned to feed himself with a spoon, he grew sick as winter approached, and a few weeks ago he departed this life without any personal consolation from the obituary notices published after his demise.

Among the most noted collections of animals in the world, the finest, without doubt, is the private collection of a retired potentate. The late King of Oude, retired, left on the banks of the Hooghly, near Calcutta, 20,000 lively specimens of the animal kingdom to mourn his loss. His retired Majesty found his greatest pleasure in watching the gastronomical feats of his large zoölogical family. Frugal Indians who thought Bengal tigers and elephants might better be foraging for a living in the jungles than living on the bounty of an emeritus monarch, regarded his Majesty as a hopeless crank with a harmless but very expensive hobby. His menagerie not only devoured the most of his enormous income, but also ate its way through all the money he could borrow, and he died heavily in debt, leaving his animals, it is supposed, to be divided among his creditors.

Mr. BARNUM will have no such trouble in restocking his cages as he would have had in the days when the hippopotamus was first transplanted to Europe. The unfortunate Nubian chief who at that time received an order to produce at Cairo one of these pachydermatous products of Africa was painfully conscious that if he failed to appear before his master with a frisky specimen he would lose his head, and this fact was all that drove him to the difficult and disagreeable task. The catching of the river horse has now been reduced to a science, and animals of all sorts can be supplied at catalogue rates to any showman or fancier who honors the dealer with an order. It is said that the prices of zoölogical specimens are much more stable than those of many other commodities, but it is likely that a few bonfires like that which illumined Bridgeport a while ago would have a tendency to send quotations upward.

Most menageries have exceedingly modest beginnings. When we recall that just sixty years ago the London Zoölogical Gardens contained only a few lions and tigers, we have reason to hope that in time the collection now quartered in Central Park, but soon, we trust, to be removed elsewhere, will rival the present magnificent show in Regent's Park. Many interesting specimens of our own fauna might be added to the Central Park menagerie by the means that the French employed to give the Jardin des Plantes a start. The forests were made to contribute a large contingent of wild boars, bears, wolves, and other animals of the temperate zone. The collection grew during the Reign of Terror by means that would not be commended in less violent epochs. The Revolutionists seized many travelling shows on the pretext that they blockaded the highways and scared the horses, and thus an assortment of trained beasts was added to the national menagerie in Paris, where they speedily forgot all their accomplishments.

The keepers of the Zoölogical Gardens in London have recently been made happy by a large number of contributions that did not come from abroad. Among these are a baby yak, a little kangaroo, Mesopotamian and Japanese fawns, to say nothing of Indian pigeons and American thrushes that have been hatching their young as merrily as in the freedom of their own homes.

Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY has been talking a good deal of sense up at Albany in his address to the Bar Association of New York. He affirms anew the time-honored position that when a party accused is on trial before a Court and jury the newspapers ought not to comment upon the case for the purpose of influencing either the Judge or the jury. Every attempt to overawe the Court or affect the conclusions of the jury under such circumstances is wrong and worthy only of condemnation.

This has always been the rule in THE SUN office; and it has been observed.

The campaign for the appointment of a new Judge of the Court of Appeals, as it has been conducted in the columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, is rather funny. First, we learned that it had been positively determined that Mr. J. C. GRAY, a practising lawyer of this city, should be promoted to this great office, Governor HILL's assent having already been secured. Since then nearly a fortnight has passed, and Mr. GRAY's nomination has not gone to the Senate; but now we learn through the same journal that other candidates are talked of. Judge CULLEN of Brooklyn, Mr. WILLIAM C. DE WITT of that city, an accomplished and able lawyer, and Mr. W. B. HORNBLOWER are all mentioned by the *Times* as possible Judges of our highest court. From all of which we infer that the Governor's purpose has not yet been revealed to the *Times* or to any of the gentlemen who propose to have him execute their will, and we dare say he is quite likely to appoint somebody on whom the *Times* has not yet bestowed its attention.

Governor Hill and the Veteran Soldiers.

From the Grand Army Review.

Gov. David B. Hill of New York appointed on Dec. 27 Capt. George H. Blackman of Wellsville, Allegany county, and Col. Halbert S. Greenleaf of Rochester Trustees of the State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Bath, to succeed Jonathan Robie and Gen. W. F. Rogers, recently resigned.

Col. Greenleaf served in the Forty-eighth Congress, to which he was returned by soldier votes, and it is safe to say that no man stands higher in the estimation of his comrades of Monroe county.

Capt. George H. Blackman, who lost an arm in defence of the nation, is an able lawyer, and will best be remembered by Grand Army men in attendance at the department encampment at Tammany Hall, New York city, in 1885, as a candidate for Senior Vice-Department Commander.

Well done, Governor, honors could not be more worthily bestowed.

Extra—Since going to press with our regular edition we learn that the Hon. David B. Hill, Governor of New York, has appointed Gen. Daniel E. Sickles of New York and Major George H. Treadwell, the present efficient Commander of the Department of New York, Grand Army of the Republic, of Albany, Civil Service Commissioners of the State. Our supplement would be incomplete without this announcement. It will serve to usher in the New Year with more of happiness for all, in the knowledge that with two such tried and true comrades on the Commission, veterans' rights under the civil service laws will be protected and conserved. Thanks, Governor, thanks!

A Story of the Imagination.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* On Dec. 11 you printed a news letter from Seneca Falls giving an account of a piece of successful swindling said to have been perpetrated in the name of the Society for the Protection of Birds near that place. The story was told with enough circumstance and detail to make it appear probable, and was to the effect that a Mrs. Ruth Armstrong, a young widow of prepossessing manners and good address, had gone to Seneca Falls, where she announced herself as an agent of a New York society for the protection of birds, and drove around to the more substantial residents collecting signatures to the society's pledges, and that the signatures which she collected were speedily converted into promissory notes for sums aggregating $1,500, which were negotiated with a banker at Sheldrake named Albert Hall.

As this story has been told repeatedly in country papers in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, we communicated with a respectable firm of lawyers, Messrs. Hammond McDonald & McDonald at Seneca Falls, asking them to investigate it. In their reply they state positively that none of the six persons named in the news letter is a resident of the place or neighborhood, and that there is no truth whatever in the story, nor any foundation for it.

We realize that the item was published in good faith, but as the statement is utterly without foundation, and one which, if not contradicted, would be calculated to prejudice the interests of this society, I shall be very glad if you will repudiate it. Such a repudiation cannot fail to put country editors on their guard against systematic efforts to impose this story upon them by simply shifting the locality and inventing new actors every month.

C. F. AMERY, Secretary Audubon Society.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17.

Commissions All Executed.

Elderly Spinster (to niece)—Are you sure you got everything I asked you to, Mabel?

Niece (unloading her bundles)—Yes, aunty; there is the sage tea, the bottle of liniment, the false front, the dyspepsia mixture, the volume of Hervey's "Meditations Among the Tombs," and the *Evening Post*.

Elderly Spinster—Thank you, dear; and just hand me the *Post*, please.

Gets There Easily.

He (after the concert)—Did you notice, Miss Breezy, that young Hofmann, although a trifle timid at times, as a rule interpreted involved passages with astonishing vigor and technical virtuosity?

She (from Chicago)—Oh, my, yes, Mr. Flounders; anything of that sort I always light onto very quickly.

A Familiar Face.

Guest (to hotel clerk)—I've met that gentleman who just went out before somewhere. His face is very familiar, but to save my life I can't call his name.

Clerk—His name is Smith; he is one of the officials at Auburn prison. Your bill is four dollars, sir.

Lady of the House.

From the Burlington Free Press.

Agent (at the door)—Is the lady of the house in?

Gentleman (calling to his wife)—Mary, is the cook in?

CONNECTICUT POLITICS.

The Canvass for the Gubernatorial Nomination Already Begun.

NEW HAVEN, Jan. 16.—The Connecticut politicians are ill at ease in the absence of an annual session of the Legislature. Up to the present year it was their privilege to annually gather in Hartford and assist the Legislature in doing its work, but the adoption of the biennial session amendment has deprived them of this privilege. The corridors of the Capitol are at present deserted, and the atmosphere that formerly, at this time of the year, was wont to be blue with the smoke of ill-smelling cigars, now contains only the green fog that is wafted from the banks of Hog River, the stagnant stream at the foot of Capitol Hill.

But the politicians are not letting the winter months pass into innocuous desuetude. They manage to have a confab now and then, either on a railroad train or in a hotel corridor, and, if their word is to be believed, they have nearly completed the programme for the next Gubernatorial campaign, which opens early in the fall. The friends of Mayor Morgan G. Bulkeley of Hartford are busy with the problem as to the easiest means of having their candidate succeed Gov. Lounsbury. Just what the friends of Lounsbury are doing to offset the efforts of the Mayor's friends it is almost impossible to ascertain, for the reason that nobody knows where to find Lounsbury's friends, who seem to have entirely vanished from the scene. Mayor Bulkeley and his henchmen, however, are very active, and are going about their task systematically. Until a year ago the Mayor never took much interest in Grand Army matters, although he is a member of Robert O. Tyler Post of Hartford. But he has learned a lesson from the brilliant war record that was credited to Mr. Lounsbury about the time that gentleman was nominated for Governor. Mayor Bulkeley was a candidate in the same Convention, but the delegates were looking for war heroes, so they chose Mr. Lounsbury. There is no record of the brilliant feats performed by Mr. Lounsbury during his six months' service as a private, but of his patriotism there is not a doubt, for he is quoted as saying that none of the rebel flags in possession of the State of Connecticut should be returned as long as he was Governor.

These little incidents have evidently impressed themselves on Mayor Bulkeley's mind, for he is now one of the most enthusiastic members of the Grand Army. He presides at all the bean bakes and camp fires, wears a red, white, and blue button on the lapel of his coat, and looks pleased when the boys call him "Morgan." In fact if he makes as much progress this year as he did last he will go into the Republican Convention with a war record that will be sure to cast that of Gov. Lounsbury in the shade. He is confident that if he has the soldier support it will compensate him for the defection of the silk-stocking multitude, who have never liked him because they are of the opinion that he associated too much with "the boys," and didn't care a fig about appearing at their receptions in a clawhammer coat and an open-face vest. Nothing would please the Mayor better than to sit at the Capitol in the blissful consciousness that he could look down on the whole multitude. His friends are confident that he will be successful, if they can only get the present Governor out of the way.

While the Republicans are thus active the Democrats are doing but little. Their apathy may be accounted for, perhaps, in the fact that one of three men will be nominated. They are ex-Lieut.-Gov. George G. Sumner of Hartford, ex-Congressman E. W. Seymour of Bridgeport, and Miles Granger, the present Congressman from the Fourth district. The probability is that Mr. Sumner will receive the nomination. He is, perhaps, the most popular Democrat in the State, and would get a large Republican vote. This latter fact makes him specially available, for the reason that in Connecticut a majority of all the votes cast is necessary to elect a Governor. This unjust law is the only hope of the Republicans. Without it they could not win. In this manner they defeated Gov. Waller, and hope to defeat every Democratic candidate for years to come. There are a good many Democrats, however, who believe that Mr. Sumner could carry a majority of the votes. There is no doubt that a contest between Bulkeley and Summner would be a lively one, with the chances in favor of Sumner, for he is popular not only with the upper tendom, who hate Bulkeley, but also with the workingmen. It is doubtful if Mr. Seymour could be prevailed upon to accept the nomination, while it is said that Judge Granger would rather be Governor than Congressman.

AMERICAN SHIPPING LEAGUE.

Proposing to Revive Our Commerce by Giving Bounties to American Vessels.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The American Shipping and Industrial League to-day elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Gen. Joseph Wheeler of Alabama; Vice-Presidents, Capt. Ambrose Snow of New York, L. M. Merritt of Florida, George A. Kelley of Pennsylvania, the Hon. John H. Gear of Iowa, and Thomas L. Thompson of California; Secretary, Charles S. Hill of Washington; Treasurer, A. Vanderbilt of New York. An Executive Board, a Commission of Conference, and a long list of Vice-Presidents, one from each State and Territory represented in the Convention, were also elected.

A resolution was adopted favoring the passage of an act providing there shall be paid out of the Treasury to any vessel, whether sail or steam, built and wholly owned in the United States, engaged in the foreign trade, the sum of thirty cents per registered ton for each 1,000 miles sailed, and pro rata for any distance travelled less than 1,000 miles on any voyage or voyages between this and any foreign country or countries. The payment shall continue for the term of ten years, and thereafter for another term of nine years at a reduction of three cents per ton each year upon each 1,000 miles sailed, and pro rata for any less distance travelled.

Resolutions were also adopted urging upon Congress immediate provision for the defence of the coast and seaport cities of the United States; the rebuilding and equipment of a strong and efficient navy, and adequate and progressive provision for the improvement of the harbors and rivers of the whole country, concurrently with the restoration and development of our ocean commerce.

It was also resolved that the United States mails ought to be carried between this and foreign countries in American ships, under our own flag, as soon as practicable consistently with certainty and celerity of the service, and that for such service this Government ought to pay just and adequate compensation, regardless of the price at which other nations are willing to substitute for this a foreign service.

HOW THE CITY GROWS.

An Increase of Half a Hundred Millions in Taxable Value in a Year.

The Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments foot up the assessed valuation of the real estate of the city at nearly $52,000,000 increase over last year. The following are the figures:

Wards.	1887.	1888.	Increase.
First	$79,528,005	$81,057,773	$1,529,768
Second	34,565,587	34,836,253	270,666
Third	38,626,265	38,967,830	341,565
Fourth	13,341,585	13,575,695	234,010
Fifth	40,376,907	40,821,449	444,542
Sixth	24,625,641	24,884,341	258,700
Seventh	17,300,057	17,813,117	513,060
Eighth	39,262,103	39,510,303	248,200
Ninth	29,769,823	30,441,673	671,850
Tenth	18,228,297	18,688,147	459,850
Eleventh	17,163,706	17,486,250	322,544
Twelfth	158,113,407	176,784,727	18,671,320
Thirteenth	10,673,465	11,073,656	400,191
Fourteenth	24,994,770	25,264,920	270,150
Fifteenth	56,262,553	57,273,655	1,011,102
Sixteenth	38,212,529	38,770,565	558,036
Seventeenth	34,402,508	35,164,908	762,400
Eighteenth	78,770,587	79,394,873	624,286
Nineteenth	211,635,940	219,606,960	7,971,020
Twentieth	46,471,770	47,466,370	994,600
Twenty-first	89,793,129	90,769,379	976,250
Twenty-sec'nd	113,585,437	122,330,900	8,745,463
Twenty-third	21,027,808	24,215,378	3,187,568
Twenty-fo'th	11,761,960	14,113,103	2,351,143
Total	$1,254,491,849	$1,306,310,133	$51,818,284

The largest increase of the year was in the Twelfth ward, where the value of real estate went up $18,671,320. The Nineteenth ward is the richest. The valuations there are $219,606,960. The most marked increase was in the vicinity of Riverside drive and West End avenue.

President and Mrs. Cleveland Will Attend.

ITHACA, Jan. 18.—The coming commencement at Cornell University in June next promises to be a most auspicious event in more senses than one. Besides the fact that the largest class in the history of the institution will be graduated, news has just been received that President Cleveland and his beautiful wife have accepted the invitation of the Board of Trustees to be present on the occasion. The intention of the Presidential party is to come to Ithaca during commencement week, and afterward go to Wells College to attend the graduation exercises there. The last time Mr. Cleveland was in Ithaca he came as the Governor of the State and as a trustee of the university. An effort will be made to get Gov. Hill to come also in June next. Cornell will then enter upon the twenty-first year of its existence, and great efforts will be made to make the commencement an elaborate affair.

State Prohibition Convention.

UTICA, Jan. 18.—The State Prohibition Committee in session here to-day selected Syracuse as the place for the State Convention on July 3 and 4. The following delegates to the National Convention were chosen: Dr. Huntington, Prof. Hopkins, and H. Clay Bascom. Alternates—W. P. Wardwell, Judge Groo, F. F. Wheeler, and Mrs. Burt.

MEXICO'S OFFICIAL NEW YEAR DINNER.

The Custom of Starting the New Year with a Festival Introduced Successfully by President Diaz—Glimpses of Mexican Society.

From the Mexico Nacional.

Although in the traditions of our Government, as we have understood, there never was the pleasing custom of beginning the new year with an official banquet to the members of the diplomatic corps, this year it has appeared in the most delightful manner, and last Thursday there took place in the President's apartments of the Capitol the festival which we take the occasion to announce to our readers.

The invitations were sent on the last day of the year, printed upon a card of very delicate vellum, and read thus:

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC *has the pleasure to invite Señor R. de R., Minister Plenipotentiary of N——, and his wife to dinner at the Palace on the fifth of January next at 7 o'clock.*

Mexico, December 31, 1887.

Reply to the Bureau of Foreign Relations.

At the appointed hour the drawing rooms of the Presidency were profusely illuminated with Edison's incandescent lamps, as also were the broad hall leading to the Presidential anterooms and the stairway. There was no other decoration than the illuminator, but the splendor of that was indeed notable. At the doors of the Presidency the invited guests were received by Gen. Agustin Pradillo, Governor of the Palace; José Rus, introducer of the ambassadors, and a young adjutant of Gen. Diaz, in full uniform. First of all there appeared in the salon Señor Salazar, the new Minister of the republic of Guatemala, and a few moments afterward came the Minister of her Britannic Majesty, Sir Spencer St. John; the other guests entered at intervals of a few moments. When there were in the salon as many as eight guests of the Chief of the Government, from a side door came President Diaz and his wife, Señora Carmen Romero Rubio de Diaz.

We repeat that the illumination of the grand drawing room of the Presidency was superb, but—what always happens in Mexico—about half of the guests had arrived when suddenly the electric light went out completely, leaving those elegant cavaliers and ladies in the most mortifying and perfect obscurity. Then there was scurrying about and hurried orders to bring candlesticks. The lackeys brought lights, but in the same instant that they appeared on the threshold of the door the electric light blazed out again and shone anew as if laughing at the little trick which it had just played upon the whole group of serious diplomats. At half past 7 the diners who had accepted had all arrived.

Regrets had been received from Baron and Baroness Daelman of the Belgian Legation, Commander Viviana, Minister from Italy; the Baroness de Waecker Gotter, wife of the German Minister, and the Secretaries of State, Gen. Hinojosa and Gen. Pacheco. At the official announcement, "*la table est servie*," the company proceeded in the following order:

The President of the republic giving his arm to Mme. Partiot, wife of the French Minister.

Sir Spencer St. John, Dean of the diplomatic corps, accompanying Mme. Diaz.

Señor Manuel Romero Rubio, Secretary of the Government, escorted Mme. Mariscal.

Señor Bercera Armesto, Minister from Spain, and Mme. Romero Rubio.

Señor Mariscal and the wife of the French Secretary of Legation.

Señor Joaquin Barando, Secretary of Justice and Señorita Connery, daughter of the Chargé d'Affairés from the United States.

Señor Partiot, the French Minister, and the wife of the Minister of Domingo.

Señor Connery, Chargé d'Affairés from the United States, in the pleasing company of the Baron de La Barre, Secretary of the Spanish Legation.

The menu cards were exactly the same as those used at the banquet of Chepultepec; the exterior of pasteboard, folded in the middle, and the list of dishes inside upon white satin. Above was the monogram P. D., and the name of the guest written on diagonally.

This is the text of that gastro-diplomatic document:

MENU.

Consommé à la Royale.
Potage à la crême de volaille.
MADERE.

Poisson en sauce d'écrevisses.
HAUT SAUTERNE.

Aloyau braisé à la Flamande.
Timbale à la Napolitaine.
Poulards aux marrons.
BORDEAUX.

PUNCH A LA ROMAINE.

Roast-beef, cailles rôtis.
Asperges à la Milanaise.
Haricots verts à la Lyonaise.
BOURGOGNE.

Parfait Glacé.
Petits fours—Bonbons riches.
Fruits.
Café—Thé—Liqueurs.

Palacio Nacional, Enero 5 de 1888.

In treating of a banquet in which ceremony and length are understood, we would expect to see something terribly cold, heavy, and formal. There was nothing like that. One could have believed that this was a family reunion. Everybody was as though in his own house, and with the most enchanting freedom that one could imagine. The conversation was animated generally even to brilliancy. There was no dulness of spirit, each as he spoke and ate making one thing as agreeable as another, and in this agreeable state of things the hour of champagne was reached.

The President, Gen. Porfirio Diaz, rose from his seat, and in phrases as short as they were cordial expressed the satisfaction it caused him to see assembled in that place the honored representatives of the nations with whom Mexico had the satisfaction of cultivating pleasing and friendly relations. He congratulated those present upon the new year, and he prayed during it for the same protection over all friendly peoples and Governments and over the worthy representatives, one and all, accredited to the Mexican republic. The Dean of the diplomatic corps, Sir Spencer St. John, in a short but expressive toast, spoken in irreproachable Spanish, gave the health of the President of the Mexican republic, giving thanks in the name of the representatives united there for the good wishes expressed in favor of the friendly nations, and responding in the most cordial manner, with the sincere wish for the safety of the Mexican people and their Government. There were no more toasts.

For coffee the guests returned to the salon in the same order in which they had entered the dining hall. There were served the fragrant *Uruapam* and the exciting *the Mandarin*. They sipped these two refinements of modern gastronomy and the gentlemen assembled smoked the aromatic *Ayones* and the unrivalled *Tuzeta*, and after the most delightful moments had been greatly prolonged, the worthy representatives of our friendly countries courteously returned thanks to the magistrate of the republic for his charming invitation, and retired one after another to their carriages of state, which awaited in the courtyard of the palace.

It was 11 at night when the last guest left.

Remarkably Good Bass Fishing.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

MONTPELIER, Ind., Jan. 13.—Fishing through the ice in the numerous small lakes in the northern part of Indiana is indulged in by many for pleasure and profit. But the residents at "The Lakes," five miles west of here, have dropped on to a plan that makes the building of a fish shanty on the ice unnecessary. The muskrat, which is a numerous quantity in the largest of the two lakes, has honeycombed the peaty soil on its margin with dens, from each of which he has dug a small canal a little below its level into the lake. One of a party broke into one of these muskrat dens the other day, when it was found to be full of lake bass. Over a bushel of the finest of fish were taken out of the den.

The report of the remarkable find sent others there, and the search has been prosecuted with vigor and varying success, some of the dens having yielded even more than the first. Opinions as to the cause of the fish seeking homes in the holes along the bank vary. Some assert that it is the nature of the bass to hole up in this way, while others claim that it is a fish trap made by the muskrat, who closes up the canal when the trap is full of fish and uses them for food during the winter. In either case the residents at the lakes are living fat on the gamiest and best fish in Indiana waters.

Farm Work Still.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"It is greatly to be regretted," was remarked in the hearing of an Illinois farmer, "that farmers' boys do not stick to the farm. It seems as if scarcely any of them do."

"Oh, I dunno," said the farmer. "I've raised eight boys and they're all farmers 'cept one."

"Is that so? Only one of them caught by the glitter of the city, eh?"

"Yes, that's all. Poor Bob would go, spite of all I could do—run away to the city when he was 12, and we ain't never seen him since, though it's been over 20 year. But I dunno but it's all right; he hadn't no likin' for farm work, nor wouldn't take no interest in it. He jes' seemed to hate the farm, and didn't know enough about farm work to drive ducks to water."

"Yes, I think it was better that he should leave the farm, as he evidently had no taste for it. Is he in the mercantile business?"

"Oh, no, nothing of the kind," replied the farmer; "no, for the last ten years Bob has been editor of an agricultural paper. He writes most all of the 'Hints to Farmers,' 'How to Do Farm Work,' 'Stick to the Farm, Boys,' and such things."

The Advantages of Travel.

"I should infer, sir," he said to a young man, "from the air of hauteur and easy self-possession which seem to be your distinguishing characteristics, that you have mixed much with the world and have travelled extensively?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man, graciously unbending. "I have been an extensive traveller in my time. For the past eight years I've been a brakeman on the elevated road."

Hunger the Best Sauce.

Woman (who has given some mince pie to tramp)—You seem to be hungry.

Tramp—That goes without saying, which is a bit of badly Anglicized French, ma'am, meaning in our more vigorous English, "You can bet your sweet life I am," or I wouldn't be able to get away with much of this pie.

ALBANY GOSSIP.

There is a younger delegation in the Senate from New York city than for years past. Two of the Senators, Ives and Reilly, are under 30; Cantor is under 35; Stadler is not old, and though Langbein, Murphy, and Van Cott have the years, they do not show it in their faces.

Senator Van Cott thinks it was a mistake to build the new Capitol in Albany, and that it should have been built in New York, somewhere on Washington Heights. Mr. Van Cott was moved to this reflection after he had been in Albany long enough to sample the various dinners that the town has for sale.

One sign of an intention ultimately to complete the Capitol has made its appearance. The Legislature was asked for a million dollars to complete the Capitol. It gave $5,000 to build a flag walk around the Capitol to keep the legislators from having to walk in the mud. This walk has been built. The ice on it varies from one to three inches. No care is taken of it, and the difference between the present and past condition is that, now there is a stone foundation to the slush or ice while formerly the foundation was mud.

At this rate it will take a good part of the next century to finish the Capitol. An appropriation of $5,000 this year should be enough to take down the board fence that has been put around the Capitol to prevent its being carried away. The year after that $5,000 more would pay for sodding the Capitol park. By that time the board steps to the Capitol would have been worn through, and the next annual appropriation of $5,000 would replace them. All this time the Assembly ceiling is cracking. The Assembly stairs have started to fall down, and jacks have been placed under them to keep them up. One-third of the building is unfinished, and the rest is not stable on account of the strain from unequal support.

It takes a century or two to grow an oak that will be strong and stable. The annual addition is not much, but it is by the accumulation of the rings that the tree grows. Possibly the Republican Legislature reasons that the Capitol will grow and finish itself if they only wait a century or two.

As it is, the inhabitants of Troy, who look on Albany with a jealous eye, have added a clause to the prayers of the few people in that town who pray, in which it is respectfully petitioned that the Capitol shall fall down. Nothing makes the heart of the Trojan gladder than to hear that a new chip has dropped out of the Assembly ceiling unless possibly it is favorable news from the monthly fight between the Troy and Albany game cocks.

The Hon. G. Zerubabel Erwin has been dubbed Honest George by some of his fellow Senators, now that the man who was called Honest John last year hasn't come back. This is in accordance with Mr. Erwin's express wish. He did not mind his middle name so much in the Assembly, but now that he is a Senator he has announced that he wants all that funny business stopped. Mr. Erwin should recognize that Zerubabel is an old and honored name. Men who were proud to be called Zerubabel are found in both the Old and the New Testaments. Some of the famous men in Israel are called Zerubabel, as reference to Hebrew history in the Bible will show. There is no reason for Mr. Erwin to be ashamed because his ancestors chose to name him after a man whose character was good, and against whom nothing is known.

The Senate has a brand new elevator, with plate glass in the back and brass railings inside along the walls for Senators to hold themselves up by when recovering from the effects of a late night session and occasional visits to the cloak room.

The Assemblymen want a cloak room, too. They have a place to put their coats and hats, and they have a parlor to sit and smoke in, but they have no place equipped with a water cooler and a back shelf. It would be hard to keep such an institution going in the Assembly, for there are 128 Assemblymen, and of these twenty-four come from New York, twelve from Brooklyn, and three from the county where Troy is.

True Democratic civil service reform has been shown in the appointments made by the various State officers who were elected last fall. They were all Democrats, and they have appointed the best men they could find to serve under them, and these best men have all been Democrats. In the Attorney-General's office everybody moved up a peg, and everybody was a Democrat. In the Comptroller's office a good Democrat was made deputy, and other good Democrats were kept in their places. In the Treasurer's office all the good Democrats who were there last year stay. So it is in the Secretary of State's office. That is the kind of civil service reform that results in administering the affairs of the State of New York economically, honestly, and efficiently.

This has been a hard year for the old soldiers who came to Albany to ask anything at the hands of the Republican Legislature. Gen. Henry A. Barnum of New York, who has as much lead in him as he can carry and live, was a candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. To John W. Corning, from a Platt Senator's district, was given the place. Gen. Denis F. Burke, who was commander of the Irish Brigade, and whose brothers were killed while Colonels in the Corcoran Legion, was a candidate for Deputy Clerk of the Senate. The place was promised, but he was dumped when a Senator who has influence wanted it for another. The trouble with Gen. Barnum and Gen. Burke was that they did not have big enough pulls. It is the pull and not the man that gets an office under the present Legislature.

SUNBEAMS.

—Next summer the corner stone of the Adoniram Judson Memorial Church will be laid at Mandelay, India. The church will cost $10,000, a large part of which has been subscribed by Burmese Christians.

—Pickerel fishing, the only fishing allowed by law in Maine at this season, is excellent in some portions of the State. Two men at Welchville recently in a short time caught twenty-eight that averaged exactly a pound each.

—Mrs. Elsie Starling of Topeka, Kansas, is a colored woman, who was born, according to pretty good authority, in Elizabeth, Va., in 1775. She is as vigorous as most women of 75, and has a good memory regarding the events of nearly a century ago.

—Three-year-old Leo Bush, near Americus, Ga., wandered too near the loose end of a mule the other day, and was kicked in the right eye and knocked about a rod. He lay as though dead, but when several persons ran to pick him up he rolled over and said: "I's all right. Lem'me go to town with pa!"

—California is proud of her record for 1887. Three hundred miles of new railroad were laid, the assessed value of property increased $132,000,000, the wine and brandy product was large, 50,000,000 pounds of canned goods and 35,000,000 of green fruit were shipped, and there never was such a year for tourists.

—The fact that men are wearing red neck scarfs and bright linings to their coat sleeves, and that tailors put a bright-colored piece of V-shaped silk in the back of the waistband of trousers, leads a Cincinnati philosopher to argue that men are drifting back to the days "of blue silk coats, yellow vests, green knee breeches, and lace collars."

—The Rev. Thomas L. Johnson, an African missionary, recently addressed a large and rather distinguished audience in the big dining room of a Chicago restaurant, where several years ago he was head waiter. He spoke on invitation of his former employer, and made an effective plea for aid in the work of sending colored missionaries to Africa.

—Mrs. Simon Towle of Hollis, Me., a young and apparently robust woman, died suddenly and remarkably the other day. Up to a few hours before her death she was in apparently perfect health: then a birthmark on the side of her nose became painful; then she began to bleed at the nose; and the bleeding continued in spite of all attempts to stop it, until she died.

—One concern at Waterville, Me., made 18,000,000 square yards of cotton goods last year, and a Maine newspaper figures that the cloth would make a tent that would cover 370 acres, and hold all the people of Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts comfortably seated, with a ring of more than 168 acres in the centre. In that ring the 84,000 horses of Maine could be exhibited all together.

—Col. Noirtin, who assaulted Baron Erlanger, the well-known Paris banker, in the Gare du Nord last summer, has been condemned to pay $100 damages and undergo one day's imprisonment. The Colonel had taken some shares in the Credit General Francais, of which Baron Erlanger was a director, and, having incurred losses, vented his vengeance on the financier. The Baron, in the capacity of Consul-General of Greece, was seeing King George off to London, on the occasion of the Queen's jubilee, when Noirtin flew at him.

—A citizen of Piscataquis, Me., had a lot of Plymouth Rock fowls of which he was very proud. They were allowed to go under the barn in warm weather, through a small hole in the wall. There came a cold snap, and their owner thought that they ought to stay in their house; so he stopped up the hole. A few days afterward his wife said: "I wonder where all the chickens are? There isn't one in the hen house." The citizen uttered a strong word and ran to the barn. Under it lay the dead and frozen bodies of his pets. He had fastened them out of the hen house instead of in it.

—The Rev. George F. Pentecost has written an article on "The Pay of Evangelists" in which he says: "One of the matters that seem to agitate and distress the minds of certain persons and newspapers, neither of whom are ever called upon in any way to contribute to the pay of evangelists, is, how and how much the said evangelists are paid? For my part, I do not see why it should concern any one who is not a party to the transaction between churches and evangelists, to know anything about it. It would seem that it is none of their business." The *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati replies with a little side light on the question, and says: "If the people and papers in question have not been called to pay the bills of evangelists, they are more fortunate than some editors and others with whom we are acquainted. Our experience is, that Christian people who believe in conservative methods are repeatedly called on to pay bills incurred in evangelistic movements which they do not favor, or in regard to the inauguration of which they are not even consulted."